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WAR.

BY ÉMILE ZOLA.

IN the first place, I must confess that my whole being rebels against the idea of war. Its massacres exasperate me and appear to me a useless atrocity. This may seem a sentimental view of the matter, one for which temperament and mental and physical habits are undoubtedly responsible, but it is also a reasonable view, for, in looking back over history, I am amazed at the bloody uselessness of war.

I have not yet found, and I believe no one has discovered, the pretended law of civilization demanding that nations mercilessly attack one another. In the beginning there was evident need of war, it being the means by which nations were enabled to establish themselves and to acquire their respective strips of land. Then came immigration, political upheavals, long hereditary hatreds; but, apart from that, I doubt if, as has sometimes been alleged, war has been a means toward civilization. Our map of the world bears no trace of it as a civilizing element. All great conquerors such as Alexander, Cæsar, Charlemagne and, at a later day, Napoleon, bettered the world only by what they were able to give it of the good and beautiful, and we are shocked at the hurtful consequences of some of their brilliant exploits. The great empires founded by their splendid warlike achievements have

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crumbled away, and are known to us only through history, through the pen—the work of the sword has disappeared.

Could it be proven that each new empire came nearer to being civilized than did its predecessors, then it could be maintained that the work of arms tended to bring about this civil progress. But, in history, we see empires fall one after another, and very often darkness follows their decline. For instance, if we affirm that, in conquering the world, the Romans civilized it, we cannot claim that the rest of humanity was thereby much improved, because it was then that the barbaric hordes appeared, and after their brutal invasions the Roman Empire relapsed into nothingness, and the long, dark night of the Middle Ages settled for centuries upon it. Then, with the *Renaissance*, Roman civilization awoke and it was the Arts, Literature, the Codes and the spirit of legislation that revived it. Therefore, again we say that whatever remains of nations is not due to warlike deeds, but to artistic, literary, scientific and social achievements fostered in time of peace.

However, it must be conceded that, in civilization, war has played a necessary and defensive part. Of course, in order to develop, a nation required to be undisturbed, to protect itself from the possible encroachment of its neighbors and to insure its tranquillity. We are no longer alluding to aggressive warfare nor that of conquest, but to that of defense, and we must admit that it is frequently necessary. Indeed, I can readily understand why a people must sometimes defend itself; that is to say, be sufficiently strong and well armed to withstand becoming the prey of its neighbors, and be enabled to quietly accomplish the development of its interior civilization.

We are, I hope, witnessing in our day a slow transformation of the object of war. In the beginning of humanity, in heroic times, war was essentially an aggressive measure: a people attacked its neighbors intending to rob them of their country and reduce them to slavery. To-day, if such be the intention, at least it is not avowed. There is no longer question of anything but war of defense: one's domestic peace and possessions are threatened, and one enters the field merely in self-defense. The most military nations of the day, those most thoroughly organized and best equipped for war, excuse themselves for being upon such a footing on the plea that it is solely for the eventual defense of their country. Not

one of them would confess that it meditates an attack upon its neighbor and seeks the conquest of the world. It seems, therefore, that purpose of war is losing its virulence, since it no longer dares to be one of conquest and seeks its justification in the single necessity of defending the frontiers.

All this leads me to estimate the actual state of Europe. Since 1870, all the large European countries have been converted into immense intrenched camps. This state of affairs is, I believe, due to our defeats; in fact, it is certain that the formidable war footing on which Europe now lives is the result of the situation created by Germany's victories and by her conquest of the two provinces which she took from us. As Germany wished to retain these two provinces she was obliged to keep herself strongly armed; and as we, on the other hand, were anxious to regain them, we had to put ourselves on an equal footing with Germany. It necessarily followed that Austria, Italy, and even Russia, were constrained to do likewise, and therefore, as I have said, all the great nations of Europe are to-day possessed of troops innumerable, and may indeed be compared to huge intrenched camps. Such a situation has naturally produced very serious consequences. First of all, there is obligatory military service—whole nations under arms and at an incalculable cost to their respective treasuries. Next comes the question of equipment, and a great expenditure is required for fortifications, arms, provisions and all war materials. Besides, modern improvements in the manufacture of arms have caused weapons made at an earlier date to be discarded as useless and replaced by new ones, thereby greatly increasing national expenses, and, since 1870, the war budgets of European nations have consumed millions.

This state of affairs has begotten a peculiar social and political condition which threatens precipitate ruin. Business is more or less paralyzed; the money of the different countries goes into the war budget, this budget grows larger from year to year, and it really seems that, if things so continue, these nations must inevitably become bankrupt. And underlying it all there is much anxiety; it may not be admitted, but I am convinced that in poor countries, such as Italy, which has really gone to extremes in the matter of armament, the people know full well that, in case of war, their exorbitant military expenses would exhaust the national fund.

In the Conference held at The Hague there was an indication of this fear. I do not care to analyze the reasons which prompted the Emperor of Russia to convoke this Conference, but, be they what they might, they were born of the situation, they were in the very air. All nations are preoccupied. It is a universally evident fact that the war budget of each people is gradually consuming its fortune and that such a condition of affairs cannot continue indefinitely, unless the nations come to grief. Consequently, to the question of army equipment may be referred the financial, political and social anxiety now prevailing throughout Europe.

As has been said, the Conference of The Hague has been prolific of no practical result; still, I consider it a highly important event, a very propitious occurrence, inasmuch as it brought up the question. It showed the uneasiness of nations, indicated that they fully realize that the social and economic crisis through which they are passing is the issue of the terrible war footing on which the people of Europe are obliged to live. The opinion is an intelligent one: the existing situation is indeed awful, and may, in the near future, lead to catastrophe. I therefore consider the Conference of The Hague important, since it called forth a momentous question which must sooner or later be solved. Besides, in the thousands of millions uselessly expended by those nations which, without profit, are exhausting their finances in maintaining standing armies; in the continual improvement of military equipment which is ever making the engines of war more and more deadly—in all this, I, the avowed enemy of war, can see its approaching end. And why? Because it is evident that such a condition of affairs cannot last. Nations cannot remain forever under arms, for if they did, national production and social life would, in the long run, be arrested, hemmed in and sacrificed. Moreover, arms are becoming daily more murderous. With long-distance guns, with shells which are ever more destructive, with other late inventions, machines and explosives which, at a distance of kilometres, can annihilate entire regiments, it is evident that the character of warfare is changing; it is no longer a test of physical courage, a hand-to-hand encounter with sword or bayonet, but a sort of science by the practice of which one can destroy the enemy without approaching him. The aspect of warfare is indeed becoming so terrifying that henceforth one nation, before declaring war upon another, will probably pause and think a second time.

It is no longer a question of hirelings fighting a duel in a corner, with two nations for witnesses; no, it is the two nations themselves falling upon each other with intent so abominable that, to terminate the bloody quarrel, either assailant must be destroyed.

Under such conditions war becomes execrable, and humanity should be spared like attacks. It is understood that before plunging into such excesses every possible means is employed to bring about an understanding, the more so, since at present, granting that all Europe is in arms, a war would not be confined to two nations, but would entangle all the neighboring countries till, at length, all Europe would find itself within the mesh, and a general massacre would ensue. This explains why, for the last thirty years, despite threats of war, despite the strong hatred existing between France and Germany, and all that we have been led to fear, there has been no war. And the further we go, the more impossible war seems to become, the more it appears to develop into a crime of high treason against humanity—an atrocity for which no nation would be responsible.

If present difficulties have reached such a pitch that we could not lay down our arms without first fighting it out; if, in the near future, we were to suffer from a sort of general conflagration, I think that war would be forever at an end: because, after the great massacre, the nations would be unfit to resume the struggle, and exhausted, filled with horror and pity, they would be convinced that henceforth peace should reign among them. Yes, the whole world would hold this last abomination in such remorseful abhorrence that warfare would surely die.

When I declared myself the adversary of war, it was not that the martial ideal is not grandly poetic. And that it is poetic may be learned by observing what is at present taking place in the Transvaal. Since the war broke out, we have beheld all nations intensely interested; the newspapers are replete with telegraphic dispatches and all correspondence from that quarter is eagerly perused, even we, the enemies of war, reading it most attentively.

It must be admitted that, in the Transvaal, the situation is peculiar, and I believe that the almost universal sympathy expressed for the Boers is elicited by facts which can be easily explained. The Transvaal is a republic, a small country struggling for its independence. Its antagonist is a very powerful nation, one with infinite pecuniary resources and that boasts its ability to

reduce its foes by sending into their midst troops four times more numerous than they can gather; a nation with immense imperial sway and possessions broadcast throughout the world, and confident of easily subduing the little republic which refused its submission.

Thus we see that the Transvaal is the weaker attacked by the stronger party, the free country seeking to defend its territory and its institutions; and it can be readily understood why the sympathy of the world at large should go out to the Transvaal and not to England, which seems like a great bull-dog, or lion if you will, pouncing treacherously upon an enemy who, it had supposed, would fall an easy prey to its greed.

Moreover, since the beginning of the war, the Boers have defended themselves most nobly and have inflicted bloody defeat upon their powerful assailants, in a manner to call forth the admiration of the entire world.

And here I would like to make a few personal remarks. From the outset of this war I have been appealed to from several different quarters and have received many letters, especially from Holland, soliciting my intervention. During the Dreyfus case the Dutch tendered me their sympathy and congratulated me upon the attitude I had assumed in an affair of justice, and, looking upon me as a sort of mediator, they asked me to interpose in favor of the Boers, by addressing an open letter to the Queen of England, pleading the cause of humanity and justice, and showing her that it would be a crime to abuse her nation's strength in trying to enslave a small Republic which was seeking to preserve its independence. I resisted these appeals for several reasons. In the first place, I was and am still ignorant of the primary cause of this war: I have not studied the question, and its close consideration was something of which my occupation would not permit. Therefore, it would certainly have been difficult for me to decide either in favor of England or the Transvaal. Secondly, the question was a political one. If I interfered in the Dreyfus case it was because it was not a political issue, but one which concerned humanity and justice; and my express desire being to keep aloof from politics, I felt the greatest repugnance toward meddling in the dark struggle between the English and the Boers. Besides, I did not consider myself an authority on any such subject. I felt that I would not be listened to and that I would speak in vain,

since England would certainly not conform to my views. Moreover, the Boers seemed to me a people thoroughly capable of defending themselves and who would not accept any intervention, unless on condition that it were favorable to them. I add that I did not feel equal to the task, and if my effort were to prove merely that of a poet and be productive of no practical result, I would consider it ridiculous. It would indeed be nothing more than a platonic protestation, the dream of a visionary. And a last consideration withheld me. I had but just spent eleven months in England, where I received the most touching hospitality, and I felt that it would ill become me to interfere and thereby displease the English people, who had treated me with such sympathy and discretion. And I do not regret remaining silent because, as I have said, my mediation would have counted for naught and I consider that the Boers did not require it; they are shrewd and smart enough to manage their own affairs.

Nevertheless, I am following up the war with great attention, and in it I behold, as I said before, a revival of the warlike spirit, of the grand poetry of heroism and death, and likewise of those abominable massacres which strew the battle-field with the wounded and the slain. I know what a hold warlike exploits take upon the imagination of different peoples, and in vain do we endeavor to advance in civilization, since we must inevitably drift back to our primitive instinct: to the admiration of valor, to the hero-worship of those who fight, who kill or are killed. Therein danger and bravery are both exalted. War brings all men's passions into play, and the champions who consent to die stir the innermost emotions of our souls. Peaceful philosophers, poets, confined within their sanctums, quiet men like myself, writers who believe in the superiority of the pen over the sword, who are convinced that civilization is the result not of battles, but of books—in a word, the passions of all studious men are irresistibly appealed to when they read the account of a battle. In vain do we aspire after universal peace, in vain do we seek to encourage fraternity among people, when there is in our very blood a sort of atavism which agitates and excites us as soon as a new war is announced; when we are seized with a species of delirium upon hearing that one nation attacks another, fights, exults and finally flaunts the flag of victory. We repudiate all this as a return of barbarism, thinking rather that humanity should advance toward a future city of

peace and goodness; but I repeat that in our blood is that old war-like atavism which prompts us to applaud the conqueror even though he be in fault.

This fact is certainly ominous, and yet I believe that, sooner or later, warfare will have become a thing of the past. As I have stated, many reasons seem to indicate that it is being gradually eliminated from civilization; it will end by costing too high a price and being too murderous in its effects. Europe, not to mention a country which I know well, will be on the fair road to bankruptcy if she persist in keeping all nations on a war footing, if she continue the manufacture of guns that are becoming daily more costly and more destructive, and if she stock her arsenals with shells, which, when such missiles are required, must be discarded for those of later manufacture, the deadly secrets of which are as yet unknown to neighboring nations.

The chief reason for the eventual disappearance of war is that it will have become useless. When speaking thus, I have in mind the democratic movement, the great socialist movement which, within the last hundred years, has made such advancement. In my way of thinking, the real human struggle is no longer on the field of battle, but on that of labor; in industry, in agriculture, in fact in every human effort for production and prosperity. The mighty contest going on to-day is that between capital and remunerative labor. I am convinced that now, in our day, there is in progress as important and decisive a social transformation as took place in olden times, when slavery was abolished and paid labor introduced. It required a great change to bring about such an issue, a change which caused the overthrow of the Roman Empire. The idea of having no slaves for manual and agricultural labor, industrial and domestic work; the thought of abolishing slavery and replacing it by something else, could not be entertained, and called forth the most vehement protestations even from the intellectual and liberal-minded. It was deemed impossible to live without slaves, and the hue and cry arose: "By what can you replace them? How live without them?" And when slavery was superseded by paid labor, a new state of things was created, even empires being carried away. And therein Christianity played a great part. It declared all men equal, helped to destroy slavery and created, to a certain extent, the modern laborer, thereby immensely benefiting humanity.

Well, to-day the situation is pretty much the same. They say: "How can a nation exist without paid workmen? How can work be accomplished unless the workmen be remunerated? And by what can you replace workmen?" There have been precursors, apostles, like Saint Simon, Auguste Comte, Proudhon and above all, Fourier, who have sketched or outlined a future society in which the question of wages and salaries was not considered even by workmen themselves; in which there was co-operation, community of interests and responsibilities; in fact, an entirely new state of affairs which was destined to replace actual pay. And it is evident that we are tending toward just such a state. The contention that we witness is really between capital and labor, and will eventually lead us to that other state which, as yet, is not clearly defined, but which will surely exact a total reorganization of labor and bring about a new distribution of riches. Yes, I maintain that this state of future society is the object for which we are now struggling, the new ideal toward which we are advancing, in direct opposition to the ideal of war which has so long stirred the passions of nations.

It is certain that in this future society war will be unheard of because the reorganization of labor will everywhere beget greater solidarity, bind the different nations closer together, either by arbitration or some other means of which we have, as yet, formed no conception. War cannot be a factor in this future state which the struggles of a closing century will link to the century about to dawn. It will be doomed to disappear, for it will be incompatible with the new condition of things.

Is it a dream to believe that we are witnessing war's last agony? Do not a thousand symptoms indicate the fact? May not the furor caused by the question of military equipment and so forth, be regarded as the last fitful glow in the dying embers of war? Would it not be impossible for the men of to-day to engage in combat similar to that into which their ancestors ruthlessly plunged, combat which could bring about no good but would do much harm?

Perhaps in France we suffer more than do our neighbors from the war footing we are obliged to maintain. One of the most serious causes of the crisis in which for several years past we have been writhing, is the antagonism existing between the republican institutions of a democracy, and the support of an im-

mense standing army. It seems impossible thus to live. On the one hand there is the strict discipline exacted of the nation, for in our land the nation is the army; and, on the other hand, the liberty allowed the citizen, the liberty of voting, thinking and writing.

If our troops were hired or even picked, this contradiction would be less pronounced, or perhaps might not exist at all. But when our whole nation is in arms, when, on the one side, strict obedience is demanded of it, while on the other it is told: "Thou art free; thou mayest vote as thou pleasest; think and write as thou pleasest;" is there not a formal contradiction which may be held responsible for the annoyances and trouble that beset us?

And, for all that, there is no one in all France, even among revolutionists and the avowed enemies of militarism, who would dream of asking for the disbanding of our troops. People may read in our newspapers of violent attacks upon some of our generals; they may sometimes see standing armies assailed; but, notwithstanding all this, we uphold the maintenance of the army as it is to-day. This is because we clearly understand our position, because we Frenchmen know and fully admit that, living in the midst of our enemies, it is impossible for us to lay down our arms unless these enemies do likewise. We are therefore simply submitting to a necessity—that of being on the alert, as is the rest of the world. I repeat, there is not a Frenchman who would be willing to take a soldier from the ranks of our army.

However, I also believe that there is not a Frenchman who dreams of a war of conquest. We may read in our newspapers of men who, under cover of patriotism, daily sally forth to battle, but their attitude is merely political; at heart no one is anxious to fight, and, above all, no one thinks of a war of conquest. It would be only some deplorable mistake, a stray spark, that could now cause a conflagration. The best guarantee of peace lies in the fact that not a nation is inclined to fight; and France, in her present situation, will not be so foolish as to desire war.

Therefore, even in France, despite the military passion we show, the martial ideal is on the wane, and this betokens a change of spirit in us, because we have always been a warlike and extremely turbulent people. Our ancestors wandered into all parts of the ancient world. They went to Asia, Greece and Rome. Then came the time of the Crusades, which expeditions may be said to have

been born of our disputatious inclination, our adventurous spirit. In the French temperament there has been implanted from the beginning, a craving for battle, a desire to go out among others, achieve feats of prowess, conquer lands, amass fortunes, please women and flaunt our standards of victory before the world.

One needs but to read our romances of chivalry in order to hear our warlike valor praised. The knights-errant leave their castles and, on mischief bent, go out into the world; and when there is no direct question of conquest, they pretend to espouse the cause of justice, to redress wrongs, deliver imprisoned princesses, kill traitorous knights, tyrants and the tormentors of women. But, in the story, there is always an adventurer, a cavalier who tramps the highways in search of a fortune, who starts out to seek a treasure and hopes that he may not return empty-handed, but bequeath to history a thrilling account of his daring exploits.

Ours is indeed a warlike past. Our history is replete with accounts of our secular combats with England, combats the memory of which is still with us; because, into the hatred which we are accredited with having for England, there evidently enters the recollection of our long struggle, all the rancor that could have been harbored against a neighbor with whom we fought for centuries. There were also our conflicts with Austria, Italy, Germany and Spain; in fact we were never known to remain quiet. France, the most turbulent nation of Europe, was constantly rekindling the flame of war. Our neighbors always considered us, and I think they hold the same opinion still, a people who could not remain quietly at home, but were ever looking after others and ready to interfere in their behalf; who, when we had no war question of our own to settle, felt that we must deliver Greece or Poland, and went meddling in foreign affairs, showing a truly chivalrous, but very restless, spirit, and remaining a constant menace to the peace of Europe.

This reputation of ours was well confirmed during the Napoleonic campaigns. These abounded in historic exploits to which I shall not now revert, but there was at length a supreme outburst of warlike sentiment in France; certain events helped it out, and, at a given moment, France was seen setting out to war against the combined nations of Europe, threatening and fighting them and acquiring vast lands. But it must be confessed that Napoleon failed to realize France's old dream—European domination. More-

over, his prodigious adventure was also the most cruel lesson that France could receive, as, in the wake of Napoleon's dazzling warlike achievements came, first of all, defeat, then social discontent and exhausted finances, and, lastly, the degeneration of our country. This lesson teaches us that such conquests are always followed by dire results, as, for instance, interior difficulties arising from the foothold gained by political rings and parties, and the prolonged crisis which still holds us in the balance, rendering us unable to find our equilibrium. The perusal of Napoleonic history would tempt none but a madman to wish for a renewal of military feats which, glorious as they were, were followed by a dismal confusion from which our country still suffers.

This is why I cannot admit that France would ever so jeopardize her future as to try to make it a repetition of her warlike past. I cannot believe that there are in France men possessed of so little reason and so ignorant of the philosophy of history as to dream of a belligerent future for their country; men who could cherish the idea first of fighting Germany, then of beginning afresh the marvellous campaigns of Napoleon and starting out anew to attack Europe. In the first place, such a dream could never be realized; and if it could, it would bring back upon us all the disasters which have oppressed us, all the difficulties which have beset us from the beginning of this century. If France were to hypnotize herself into this hope of conquest, she would be irrevocably, irretrievably lost. To encourage such aspirations, to make her believe that she could once again become the War Queen of Europe, the conquering nation, would be to feed her with poisoned bread, to lead her on to new catastrophes, and at length prepare her for her supreme defeat and subsequent disappearance.

I claim that her salvation lies in her abandonment of the warlike ideal. She has become a democracy, she is a Republic. I know full well that there is but little of the Republic about her except the mere name, and that, democratic as she wishes to be, she is still full of monarchical and clerical atavism. But, notwithstanding that she is so far from being the free republican nation that I would wish, I deem it impossible for her to turn backward unless she wishes to go headlong to destruction. If France be eager to resume her place as a great European nation, if she be anxious to once more find herself at the head of nations, if she be legitimately ambitious to be again preponderant, she must courageously re-

nounce her old martial ideal. In 1789 her cry for deliverance re-echoed through all nations, and at that time she may be said to have instilled into the world the idea of liberty: her part to-day would be to inflame it with a spirit of justice. I would have her take the lead in this great socialist movement, in the re-organization of labor, which, in my opinion, will be the great feature of the coming century. I would see her at the head of the nations which will beget that future society in which, thanks to the organization of labor, there will be an even distribution of riches. I would that France might be the handmaid of this future society, of this expected evolution which will transform the world by bringing into it a new civilization.

In fine, I wish that she might live, above all, by her men of learning, by her thinkers; and that she would be convinced that war can only give a nation transitory power, a power subject to challenge, whereas, by fostering labor, by encouraging that progress toward a society in which justice will reign, a nation such as France can make herself mistress of the future. Thought is supreme; it breaks swords and stops the cannon's roar. The world was never positively conquered except by thought. What remains of great ancient nations, of Syria, Egypt, Greece and Rome, is not warlike achievements, but books and monuments; in fact, whatever is the fruit of labor and of peace.

We may speak of Alexander and Cæsar, but their splendid conquests belong only to a dead past, even their empires have crumbled away, nothing being left of them but ruins, grains of sand which are carried off by the wind; whereas, the works of Homer and Virgil and all the monuments of legislation and civilization still live and form a part of our wealth. And we are the children of these ancestors of human thought. The exploits of war count only insofar as they procure for legislators, poets and artists that peace which they most need in order to be able to produce these monuments of the wisdom and beauty of man.

I know that, for belief in peace and future disarmament, the time is scarcely auspicious, as we are now beholding an alarming recrudescence of militarism. Nations which until now seem to have held aloof from the contagion, to have escaped this madness so prevalent in Europe, now appear to be attacked. Thus, since the Spanish War, the United States seem to have become a victim of the war fever. I am not quite competent to judge the situation

in the United States, as I am not sufficiently well informed on the subject, and I speak merely from what I have seen in the newspapers and in some documents that were given me. However, I can see in that great nation a dangerous inclination toward war; I can detect the generation of vague ideas of future conquest. Until the present time, that country wisely occupied itself with its domestic affairs and let Europe severely alone, but now it is donning plumes and epaulettes and will probably be dreaming of possible campaigns and be carried away with the idea of military glory—notions so perilous as to have been responsible for the downfall of nations.

And England, since the resistance offered her in the Transvaal, that small Republic which she expected to subdue almost without an effort, even England has yielded to that most disturbing emotion, the growing desire of fostering the military spirit. To be sure, this state of mind is nothing new to the English. There is in England much of what we call *imperialism*; that is to say, a sort of national impulse which may lead her to extremes, a desire to extend her colonies, to make herself mistress of the most important posts in the world, or to acquire what the word imperialism denotes, dominion over the world.

Such is England's dream, and her symptoms in this regard are indeed alarming. Therefore, is Rudyard Kipling the most popular English novelist: it is no longer Dickens, the charming narrator, that the nation reads; no, Kipling is the author now winning loudest applause, Kipling, who is almost a soldier, a bugle sounding the charge. He fans all England's warlike passions, chooses his types from the new generation, and these types are those of men ready for war, putting in war their only hope, developing themselves morally and physically for war—in fact, having naught else in view but fighting and conquests. Until now, England has escaped the military spirit, in the sense that she has not had conscription. She has had no experience of that blood-tax, for she always had, and still has, paid troops. But the possibility of establishing military conscription in England, as it now exists in France and Germany, has already been discussed in the Houses of Lords and Commons. And this fact is singularly significant. After the battle of Waterloo and the defeat of Napoleon, England was wise enough not to be intoxicated with the glory of victory, and was satisfied with an army of hired soldiers; but to-

day she is prone to introduce the system of military conscription. It can be clearly foreseen that if England should continue to meet with reverses in the Transvaal or, if victorious, should later be forced to defend herself or to attack stronger nations, she would hurriedly adopt conscription and exact military service from her subjects. This contingency is a serious one and shows that England is about to enter upon a new phase of her history. She has always been looked upon as being in retirement in her island, well protected by her coast defenses, proud and happy of her free institutions, sparing her subjects military conscription, living for commerce and for the development of the arts, when lo! she succumbs to the war passion which has reached her from the Continent, and becomes the latest victim of a folly which threatens the destruction of Europe in a frightful, general massacre.

It must be admitted that symptoms such as these are indeed terrifying. If the United States, on the one hand, and England on the other, were to arm all their male citizens, would not the situation become only the more alarming? On the other side of the seas would be found great fortified camps such as we have in Europe; there would be one in England and another in America, and both nations could truly be said to be under arms. Well may one tremble when peace is thus threatened. How, in face of it all, can we believe that war will soon have become a thing of the past?

Nevertheless, in conclusion, I shall repeat that I consider these terrifying symptoms the result of that ever-increasing uneasiness which is pushing to extremes the dread of war, is goading nations on to self-destruction, forcing them to make extravagant preparations for war in the hope that they will never again have to fight. The present crisis will, I feel, be the last, and is undoubtedly war's death-cry. It is war killing war; war making further war impossible; war forced to disappear because it is anti-social, because it ruins nations and impedes the progress of humanity toward the City of Peace and Justice, because it is a factor which, on account of its utter uselessness, must henceforth be banished from history.

EMILE ZOLA.